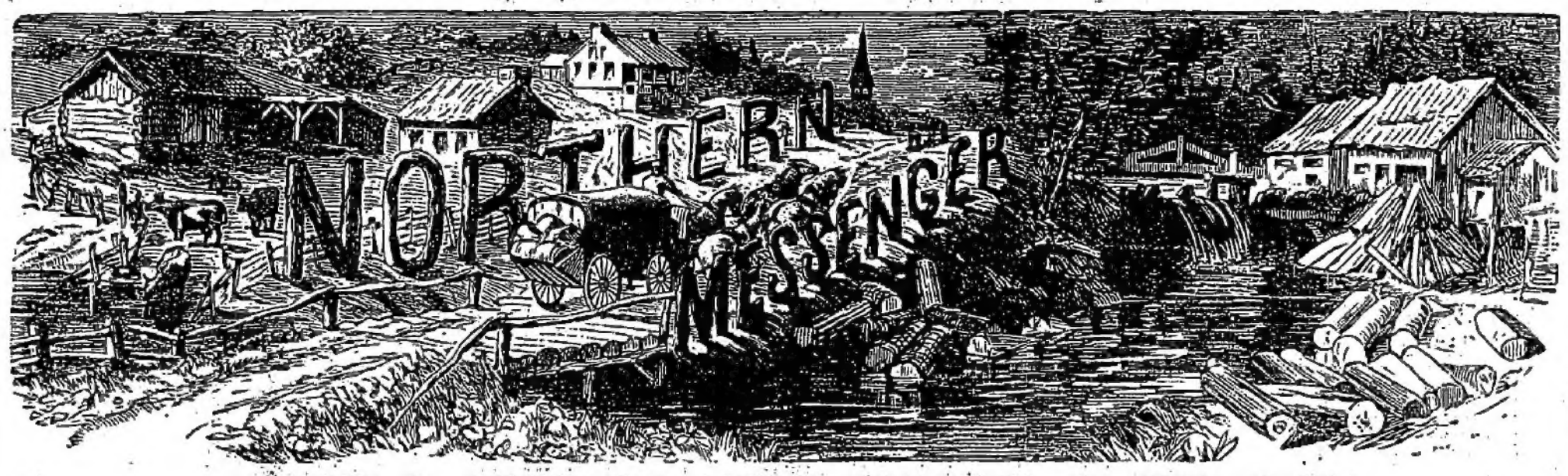

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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CAPTURE OF A DEVIL FISH—HOISTING HIM OVERBOARD.

THE TRUST OF THE TRIED.

BY PAUL GERHARDT.

There is but one thing cannot fail
That is my Father's love;
A sea of trouble may assail
My soul—'tis but to prove
And train my mind,
By warnings kind,
To love the good through pain
When firm I stand,
Full soon his hand
Can raise me up again.

Yet oft we think, is aught withdrawn
That flesh and blood desire,
Our joy is lost, o'ercast our dawn
And faith and courage tire;
With toil and care
Our hearts we wear,
O'er our lost hopes we brood;
Nor think that all
That doth befall
Is meant to work our good.

But where God rules it must be so,
It must bring joy again;
What now we deem but cross and woe
Shall turn to comfort then.
Have patience still,
His gracious will
Through thickest clouds shall gleam;
Then torturing fears,
And helpless tears
Shall vanish like a dream.

Then, O my God, with joy I cast
My load of care on thee;
Take me, and while this life shall last
Do as thou wilt with me.
Send weal or woe,
As Thou shalt know
Will teach me their true worth,
And fit me best
To stand their test,
And show thy glory forth.

—*From the German.*

A HUGE DEVIL FISH.

The Rev. W. C. Bouchier, R. N. chaplain of H. M. S. "Comus," in the West Indies, sends to the *Illustrated London News*, the sketch of the remarkable fish given on our first page and the following account of the monster:—

"As her Majesty's ship "Comus" lay at anchor in English Harbor, Antigua, the little barrel-like buoy that marks the place of the anchor, to which it is fastened by a four-inch rope, was observed to plunge about and splash, diving under the water and disappearing. Reports of this unseemly behavior of our buoy were conveyed to the officers, who treated them with the cautious suspicion that such an unlikely story seemed to deserve. By one o'clock in the afternoon, when the buoy had danced for an hour and a half, and seemed to require some looking after, a boat was dispatched to its assistance. The cause of the disturbance was then manifest. A huge devil-fish had got foul of the buoy-rope, and there he was, struggling away, about six feet below the surface of the water, with two good turns of the rope around one of his mouth-fins, as I may call them for want of a better name.

"He was secured with a sharp hook by a gallant midshipman, and was then harpooned; the rope in which he was entangled was cut, and he was slowly towed alongside, and was hoisted on board.

"When he was laid on the deck we had an ample opportunity of admiring his vast proportions. He was not 'a thing of beauty,' but an awe-inspiring monster of the deep. There lay the great fish, like a giant black bat, with his huge wings extended on the deck, measuring across, from tip to tip, 16 ft. 4 in. The other dimensions were: breadth of mouth (horizontally), 3 ft.; length from head to end of tail, 12 ft. 8 in.; length of tail alone, 5 ft. But it was a puzzle, at first, to find out where his mouth was placed.

"'I have it, sir,' cried a bluejacket in great glee; 'and, what is more, he has a fish in it—his dinner is there!' As he spoke he opened a pair of great black lips, rather to one side of the fish, I thought; and below these lips was a white cavity, large enough to contain one's head. And there was a fish, sure enough, inside it, but this little fish was alive; he bounced out, a fish the size of a small herring, and skipped furiously about the deck amongst our feet. There were more wonders presently, when another bluejacket found another mouth, with another fish in it, alive and well, and this fish, too, came out and skipped on deck amongst our legs. Then it dawned upon us that these small fishes could never have been eaten by the big devil-fish; and further examination showed that each of them had a flat plate on the back of its head; it looked as if they had held on to something by this "sucker," and it proved that so they do. We put them in a bucket of water, and they hung on to the side of it with the back of their heads so vigorously that the hardest pull could not shift their position, much less dislodge them; though, when the bucket was emptied, they came off its side at a touch. The small fishes had clung to the devil-fish as his parasites; not feeding on him, for they had left no mark behind, but using him for their travelling habitation. The cavities in which they lodged were his nostrils. Meanwhile, we discovered the real mouth of the devil-fish, three feet across, lying between these cavities. This enormous mouth is quite toothless; the devil-fish sucks down his food as one would an oyster. What his food is, I cannot tell; for after I had finished sketching him, and before I had well begun dissecting him, orders were given to heave him overboard, as he was making the deck filthy with the streams of blood that continued to flow from his dead body.

"Stories have been told of the devil-fish taking a luckless swimmer between his great fins, folding him in a deadly embrace, and sinking with him to the depths below; and this may be true enough; but the Manta Diabolus, or Manta Birostris, as he is scientifically called, is said to feed only on seaweed. At the same time, he is troublesome and even dangerous, fond of meddling with the mooring of fishermen's boats, as he did with our moorings, and setting them adrift, and when pursued—a favorite pastime, when they were more plentiful, at Port Royal—turning upon the boats, and, if not quickly dispatched, capsizing them. I have often seen these fish leap out of the water—an amazing sight—on the coast of Venezuela, where they are common, and grow to the size of 20 ft. broad.

"In the scene represented by my sketch, when the order to throw the monster overboard has been given, it is promptly obeyed. Eighty men strain at the ropes; the fish, whose weight may be a ton, slowly rises, and swings round, presenting a very odd and even astonishing spectacle. Over the sea he hangs for a moment; the word is given, 'Let go'; then down he falls with a crash, disappears in a cloud of foam, and sinks to the bottom of the English Harbor."

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

Professor Delafontaine, a competent and well known chemist, has been subjecting a great variety of brands of cigarettes to scientific analysis. He found that the cigarettes he tested were generally made of tobacco "imperfectly fermented," which means that an unusually large amount of nicotine was present in them. He found that nearly all had an unnatural proportion of insoluble ash, that several kinds were steeped in an injurious substance, and were impregnated with dirt in varying proportions. Yet these deleterious and mischievous cigarettes are not only used in large quantities by habitual adult smokers, but they are sold to pupils of our public schools, and are the cause of the broken health and stupid intellectual condition of many a lad, whose case puzzles the teacher and parent unacquainted with his doings. To be sure there is a law against selling such wretched stuff to children, but as long as grown up people set a bad example, and vendors realize that nobody cares whether the law is obeyed or violated, there is little hope of abating this cigarette evil. Possibly, though, when the knowledge of the active poison in it gets fairly abroad, adults themselves will both take and give warning.

STEADY GIVING.

Paul could have told a tear-compelling story about the poor saints at Jerusalem, which would have drawn amazingly on the bounty of the Corinthians; but he chose to send on in advance an appeal to their generosity. It was an appeal to principle. He sought to awaken within them the true spirit of beneficence. And so, without relying upon the effect of his personal presence, he urged them, "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." Paul called for slow but steady giving. In the passing centuries no better way has been found for the development of the true spirit of Christian giving.

"Fifty-two gentle pulls on a man's purse-strings are more promotive of healthy liberality than one convulsive jerk on annual Sunday." This whole subject of Christian giving calls for most serious attention.

As a distinguished Episcopalian has lately said, "None of us are giving as we ought. Giving is religion as much as praying. There is more said in the Bible about giving than about praying. And as no Christian can live without praying, so none ought to try to live without giving."—*Dr. Warren Randolph.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—MAY 19.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—Mark 14: 12-26.

COMMIT VERSES 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord's Supper is a memorial of Christ's life and death for us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 14: 10-26.
T. Matt. 26: 17-30.
W. Luke 22: 7-30.
Th. John 13: 1-30.
F. 1 Cor. 11: 23-34.
Sa. Ex. 12: 1-27.
Su. John 17: 1-26.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

12. *First day of unleavened bread:* The day was the 14th of Nisan, the day preceding the evening when the Passover was eaten. On that day all leaven was removed from the houses,—a cleansing of house and heart. *Unleavened bread:* leaven was forbidden during the whole feast of seven days. *The passover:* the lamb to be used for the Passover. The Passover was the great annual feast of the Jews, in memory of their deliverance from Egypt (Ex. 12: 1-27.) It taught them that God was their deliverer, that they were saved by the blood of the lamb, pointing to the Lamb of God,—with bitter herbs of repentance, and putting away all the leaven of sin. 13. *Two of his disciples:* Peter and John (Luke 22: 8.) 11. *The goodman:* the head of the family. *Guest-chamber:* these were usually let to those who came from abroad to the Passover. 15. *Furnished:* with tables, etc. *Prepared:* cleaned and arranged. 17. *Cometh:* from Bethany to Jerusalem. 18. *And as they sat:* rather reclined at the table, on couches. *One of you shall betray me:* he did not name the person, but gave an opportunity to repent, and led the others to examine their own hearts. 20. *Dippeth with me in the dish:* a central dish, containing sauce, into which each guest dipped his herbs, bread, and meat before eating. That is, one of his intimate friends, pledged to friendship. 22. *Took bread:* a symbol of Jesus' broken body. He is the food of the soul. He must be received into the soul. *This is my body:* this represents my body; as he had once said, "I am the door." "I am the vine." 23. *The cup:* containing the wine. But the word *wine* is never used in connection with the Lord's Supper, but only the cup, the fruit of the vine. Unfermented grape juice fulfils all the conditions. 24. *New Testament:* or covenant. The Gospel dispensation. The New Testament as a name is derived from this. His blood sealed the covenant that all who believed would be saved by faith. 25. *Until I drink it new:* a prophecy of the triumph of his kingdom. 26. *Sung a hymn:* probably Psalms 115 to 118, as was customary. After supper, and before they went out, Jesus spoke the words recorded in John, chapters 14-17.

SUBJECT: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

QUESTIONS.

I. PREPARATION FOR THE PASSOVER (vs. 12-16).—What great feast was at hand? Why was Jesus so careful to observe the religious institutions of the Jews? Whom did Jesus send to prepare for his celebration of the Passover? (v. 13; Luke 22: 8.) How were they to know where to go? What place did they find? Were these directions a sign of supernatural knowledge in Jesus? Why did he give such directions instead of pointing out the place? (John 18: 2.)

II. THE CELEBRATION OF THE PASSOVER (vs. 17, 18.)—When did Jesus go to Jerusalem? Describe the supper scene? What was the origin of the Passover? (Ex. 12.) Why was it called the feast of unleavened bread? At what season of the year was it observed? How was it celebrated? (Num. 28: 16-25.) Of what was the lamb a type? Why was leaven excluded? (Ex. 12: 34, 39; Deut. 16: 3; 1 Cor. 5: 7, 8.) Why was it eaten with bitter herbs? (Ex. 12: 8.)

III. EVENTS AT THIS PASSOVER (vs. 18-21.)—What took place as the disciples were sitting down at the table? (Luke 22: 24.) Why are the faults of the disciples told in the Gospel? By what act did Jesus reprove and teach them? (Luke 22: 24-30; John 13: 1-17.) What announcement did Jesus make at the supper? Why? How did it affect the disciples? Was it sad for Jesus also? (John 13: 21.) Had Judas already agreed to betray Jesus? (Matt. 26: 14, 15.) How did Jesus point out the guilty one? (John 13: 23-30.)

IV. INSTITUTION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER (vs. 22-26).—What new ordinance did Jesus institute during the Passover? For what purpose? (1 Cor. 11: 24-26.) Why did Jesus use bread for his supper? What food does the soul need? What did Jesus say this bread was? What is signified by our eating this bread? by our eating it together? What did the cup signify? How did it show forth Christ's death?

What is meant by "testament"? What is the new covenant? (Rom 11: 26, 27; Heb. 9: 14, 15.) To what does the Lord's Supper look forward? (v. 25; 1 Cor. 11: 26; Mark 13: 25.)

Who should partake of the Lord's Supper? Is it a duty or privilege? Should it be a feast of joy? How was the service concluded? (v. 26.) What did Jesus do after supper while still in the upper room? (John, chaps. 14, 15, 16.) With what prayer did he close? (John 17.)

LESSONS FROM THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. Salvation is the gift of God.
II. Jesus Christ satisfies all the hungers of the soul.
III. We must partake of him by faith.
IV. Jesus died to make atonement for sin.
V. We need forgiveness of sin.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 26.

COMMIT VERSE 43-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?—Luke 22: 48.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Through conflicts and trials to victory.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 14: 27-42.
T. Mark 14: 43-54.
W. Matt. 26: 47-58.
Th. Luke 22: 47-55.
F. John 18: 1-15.
Sa. Ps. 55: 1-23.
Su. Ps. 2: 1-12.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

43. *Judas:* called Iscariot, because he belonged to Kerioth, a town in Southern Judea. He betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver, or about $16.60. *Great multitude:* consisting of, (1) Roman soldiers, (2) captains of the temple, with their men, (3) priests, elders, and servants, (4) a crowd. 44. *Token:* a sign, that they might know whom to take, for it was night. 45. *Kissed him:* probably in accordance with their custom. 46. *Took him:* made him prisoner. 47. *One of them:* Peter (John 18: 10.) *Servant:* named Malchus. This act was likely to cause the disciples to be arrested as rebels, and to make Jesus himself seem a rebel against Rome, and his kingdom a temporal kingdom. Jesus destroyed the evil effects by healing Malchus. 49. *Scriptures fulfilled:* (Ps. 41: 9; Isa. 53: 12; Zech. 13: 7; 14. *Forsook him:* all the disciples ran away. 51. *Young man:* thought to be Mark. *Linen cloth:* the sindon, or outer garment. 52. *Naked:* with only the under-robe on. 54. *Palace:* the open courtyard of the palace of the high priest.

SUBJECT: CONFLICTS WITH THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.—What did Jesus do in the garden? How did he arrange his disciples? (vs. 32-35.) For what did Jesus pray? What shows the intensity of his agony? (Luke 22: 44.) Why was he so sorrowful? How was his prayer answered? (Luke 22: 43; John 18: 11.)

II. THE TRAITOR AMONG THE DISCIPLES (vs. 43-46).—Who betrayed Jesus? Why was he called Iscariot? What was among the disciples? (John 13: 29.) What bargain had Judas made with the Pharisees? (Matt. 26: 14-16.) What were his motives for betraying Jesus? (See John 12: 6.) Where did Judas find Jesus? By what token did he betray him? What did Jesus say to him? (Luke 22: 48). What pay did Judas get for his treachery? (Matt. 26: 15.) How did Judas feel after the act was over? (Matt. 27: 3-4.) Was his sorrow true repentance? What was the difference between Judas' sin and Peter's? In what did their repentance differ? (Mark 14: 72; John 21: 15-17.) Compare it with Esau's repentance (Heb. 12: 15, 17.) What became of Judas? (Matt. 27: 4; Acts 1: 18-25.)

III. ROMAN SOLDIERS AND JEWISH RULERS (vs. 44, 46).—Who accompanied Judas? How were they armed? Why did they need lanterns? Give the circumstances of the capture. (John 18: 3-8.) The power and influence of the world were against Jesus. Were they successful? (v. 49.) Is wrong ever successful in the end?

IV. DESERTION OF HIS DISCIPLES (vs. 47-52).—What did the disciples ask Jesus as the soldiers began to lay hold on him? (Luke 52: 49.) What did Peter do? (v. 47; John 18: 10.) Was this courageous? What evil might have grown out of the act? What did Jesus do for the wounded man? (Luke 22: 51.) What did Jesus say to those who came to arrest him? What did the disciples do? Give the story of one young man. What made the disciples forsake their Lord? In what ways do men now sometimes forsake Christ? Is this a great grief to him? (Ps. 55: 6, 12-14, 20, 21.)

V. INJUSTICE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE (vs. 53, 54).—Where was Jesus taken first? (John 18 13.) Where next? (John 18: 13, 14, 24.) What did Peter do? Who was with him? (John 18: 15.) How do people now follow Jesus afar off? Would it have been wiser and safer for Peter to have kept close to Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. There were some bad church-members, even among Christ's own disciples.

II. The cause of Christ may still be betrayed by a kiss.

III. The church is never to depend on carnal weapons,—the sword, money, rank.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. **May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.**
8. **May 26.—Jesus Betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-54.**
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWO WAYS.

A few days since I was shocked at hearing of the suicide of a young girl, whom I knew very well, in New York City. How distinctly I remember the pretty face, the cheery, obliging Sadie Kingman, the janitor's daughter of the house where I had apartments at one time. Sadie seemed always happy, and mornings we used to hear her singing as she dusted the halls and attended to other duties about the house.

"Unrequited love" was the cause assigned for her act. She was only sixteen, romantic, impulsive and much given to reading sensational novels.

"I'll make him sorry for deserting me," she said to a girl companion. And in a fit of pique and jealousy the misguided, foolish girl took that fatal, irrevocable step,—and all for a handsome, worthless fellow, who would have made her life unhappy.

Her death may possibly have caused the man a passing regret, but neither he nor any other man is worth such a sacrifice, and had she been less impulsive and rash she might have lived to realize it.

How different was the course of another young woman who, ten years ago, thought her heart was breaking because a young man, for whom she had acquired a passing fancy, jilted her.

Mary Rogers lived with an uncle and aunt who, beyond giving her a home, took little interest in her. In the depths of her jealous misery, Mary went to the river, half resolved to drown herself. As she walked along she saw a dime lying in the road near the bridge. She picked it up, and sat down on a log and pondered a while.

"What will he care, if I do drown myself?" she thought bitterly. "I won't do it. I'll make a fortune out of that dime."

Filled with this resolve she rose, went to the village store, and bought a yard of calico and a spool of thread. In the next two days she cut and made a sunbonnet, which she sold for fifty cents. She was by this time very glad to find she was still alive. With the fifty cents she bought more calico, which she made into sun-bonnets and aprons. In two months she had earned, in this way, fifteen dollars.

There was an increasing demand throughout the New Jersey town where she lived for her sunbonnets and aprons. Before the year was out she had made nearly a hundred dollars' profit from her work.

Mary then opened a store in the village, took an assistant, and in addition to her sunbonnets and aprons began to make calico wrappers and gowns. She worked hard and prospered. She found little time for indulging the sorrows which she had once fancied so heavy.

Mary Rogers employs now over twenty girls in her sewing-rooms. She is healthy and happy, and is regarded in the town where she lives as a "very capable" and prosperous woman. Now she can smile at her old infatuation. She has had the privilege, moreover, of saying no to the man who slighted her love in the days of long ago.

"I wonder that I ever fancied him," she said to the writer in confidence. "I can now see how foolish I was in my younger days. Nothing could induce me to marry a man of that stamp to-day. If young girls would only wait a little when they think life unendurable without some man with whom they fancy themselves in love, they would find, as I have done, that it was their greatest good fortune to be thus deserted. Oh, I wish I could make girls understand and believe this."

The lesson taught by the above incidents is too apparent to need comment.—*Youth's Companion.*

CARDS.

But if we teach or allow our children to play cards, may we or may we not fear that when they arrive at the years of discretion, cards may have the first place, and Christ none at all? A Yale College Professor once said to his class regarding these things, "Judge of them by their tendencies."

An instance came to my knowledge last winter which showed quite plainly the tendency or effect of card playing upon one person, a lad of seventeen. He had been religiously trained, and as long as his father lived, cards were not allowed in the family. One day upon coming home from school, my children exclaimed, "Oh! mamma, Ed Griswold had a pack of cards at school to-day, and Mr. Black (the teacher) is going down there to-night to teach him to play with them." "Does his mother know it?" I asked. "Oh, yes, and she is going to learn to play, too."

After that there seemed to be considerable excitement over the cards, particularly among children who had never played them, and more than one mamma was asked, "What's the harm?"

After Ed had learned to play he seemed to be perfectly fascinated, and wanted to play in all his odd moments. It soon became very noticeable that as his interest in the cards increased, his interest in his studies decreased. Even his out-door sports were neglected, for during every recess, when he ought to have been in the playground exercising his limbs and muscles in the open air, he was found crouched down in some warm spot with a few of his companions playing cards.

Another thing was noticeable, which was a decided tendency to anger, if the game did not proceed satisfactorily to him.

I have noticed this, that there seems to be a tacit acknowledgment on the part of players that after all it may not be perfectly right. I recollect the first time I saw a pack of cards.

It was in my early childhood, and I was calling upon a schoolmate. While there her brother took a pack of cards, and in child fashion, made a long line of them on the carpet. While doing it he said to me, "Does your mother let you play with these?"

A minister of my acquaintance once called at a house to light his lantern. A company were seated around the table playing cards. As soon as they saw who it was, the cards were hastily brushed from the table. One day at school Ed Griswold said, "What would Mr. Barker, the minister, say if he should come in now and see us playing cards?"

Again, I think that it must be admitted that cards lead to association with ungodly people more than many games do. And sometimes it is not a person's character as a man that is considered, if he is a good card player.—*Christian at Work.*

WHAT TO DO WITH STALE BREAD.

With a little care on the part of the housekeeper every scrap of stale bread can be made available. All the crusts and small pieces should be spread in a pan and dried slowly in a warm oven. When they are perfectly dry, put them in a small bag,—made of ticking or canvas,—and pound them fine with a wooden mallet. Sift them and put them in glass jars. They will keep for months, and can be used for breading meat, fish, croquettes, etc.

Another way of using these dried scraps is to roll them until they break in rather coarse crumbs. They are then nice to eat with a bowl of milk for luncheon or tea.

Cut all the crust from a loaf of stale bread, and then tear the loaf in long, thin pieces. Spread these in a large pan, only one layer deep, and place in a hot oven. When they are crisp and brown, which will be in about six or seven minutes if the oven be very hot, send them to the table with thin slices of cheese. This dish is nice just before dessert. Frequently it is served with the coffee.

Take a quantity of slices of dry bread. Dip them quickly, one by one, in a bowl of cold water. Place them in a large dripping-pan, having only one layer at a time. Then set the pan in a hot oven. In ten minutes the bread will be brown and crisp. Place on a warm plate and cover with a warm napkin. Serve at once with a little broiled smoked salmon or salt cod. This dish is a good one for luncheon or tea.

After sprinkling stale rolls or biscuit with cold water, place them in a pan and cover them with a second pan. Set in a moderately warm oven for twelve minutes, and they will seem almost as good as if freshly baked.

Put a loaf of stale bread in a deep pan, and, after covering it with another pan, set it in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. At the end of that time take it from the pan, and set it on end to cool. This bread will cut like a fresh loaf.

Cut all the crusts from a loaf of stale bread, and put the loaf in a steamer. Set it over a kettle of boiling water for twenty minutes, and serve at once with a sauce which has been made in the meantime by the following recipe: Put three cupfuls of boiling water in a small stew-pan, and place the pan on the stove. Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with half a cupful of cold water, and stir the mixture into the boiling water. Continue stirring for two minutes. Now add half a nutmeg, grated; the yellow rind of a lemon, grated, and also two cupfuls of sugar. Boil for twelve minutes; then add two tablespoonfuls of butter and the juice of the lemon. Cut the steamed bread in slices with a sharp knife, and pour a generous supply of sauce on each slice as it is served. This is a nice dessert when there are children in the family.

Delicious griddle-cakes are made with stale bread. Soak a pint and a half of stale bread in a pint of milk for ten or twelve hours. Keep the mixture in a warm place, where it will sour slightly. At the end of the ten or twelve hours, rub it through a sieve. Beat into the sifted mixture one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, half a pint of sifted flour, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in half a gill of milk. Add this liquid and two well-beaten eggs to the mixture. These griddle-cakes require a little longer time to cook than the common batter cakes.

WISE WOMEN.

Some one writing to the New York *Herald* from London says: "It is one of the curious signs of the times in Great Britain that a considerable number of intelligent and well bred women, of families formerly wealthy and dominant, have of late 'taken to trade.'" Those that he mentions, says the *Herald*, are the wives and sisters of landlords who, through the fall in agricultural rents, have become impoverished. One has opened a shop for the sale of decorative furniture; another has begun a dressmaker's business. A lady, once a recognized leader of fashion, sells cloaks designed by herself, and her husband, less energetic, perhaps less sensible, secludes himself up stairs as her bookkeeper. One of the Duke of Richmond's family prospers in a shop where she sells dresses; and the sister of another lord makes bonnets and hats, and, by her skill and taste, supports her family.

If there is anything calculated to disturb my usual self-poise and serenity of soul, it is the spectacle of an educated, accomplished woman, suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, sitting down with folded hands and harping about her "better days," or the cruelty of the fates that made her dependent on her own resources for a livelihood. All of us know or have heard of such women. They are dreadful thorns in the sides of all their old friends.

I went once with a friend to see a woman who had once been rich but was now poor. A few remnants of her former glory were to be seen in her two or three little rooms. The second sentence she uttered was, "Oh, sir, do not think that I have always lived thus; ah no! I have seen better days!" This was said with a sweep of her hand that took in the pieces of furniture and bits of expensive bric-a-brac and a costly picture or two representative of her better days." Then she began to weep, and I let her weep. There she sat, a strong, healthy, accomplished woman, in the very prime of life, weeping because there was before her the necessity of earning an honorable living for herself. I didn't weep any myself. Her friends had exerted themselves to secure her an excellent position as teacher in a school where her duties would be light. But she said she "shrank from coming into contact with anybody and everybody," and said something about being forced to associate with "all sorts of common people," that quite upset me, and I was glad when I was outside with my friend and at liberty to express myself freely and forcibly.

Is there, on the other hand, a spectacle more worthy of praise and admiration than that of a woman suddenly thrown on her own resources, rejecting the charity of friends, and bravely taking up the battle of life for herself, and, perhaps, for her children? Hundreds of women are doing this in our own country, doing it bravely and well, without vain drivelings and repinings for their "better days," the days that were not, after all, their better days. Many of them would not go back to their old, useless, easy lives if they could. To work should be "the common lot of all," and a hopeful sign for the future of our own country lies in the fact that so many women are to-day earning their own living and taking upon themselves duties and responsibilities hitherto relegated to men alone. It is, I take it, a sign of increased good sense that so many of our women do not, in the days of adversity, sit down to weep, but, with sleeves rolled up, perhaps, make themselves useful, self-supporting, and independent women.—*Good Housekeeping.*

RECIPES.

CHILDREN'S FRUIT CAKE. (Very nice.)—One cup of butter, four cups flour, one pound sugar, one cup milk, three eggs, three-quarters pound raisins, one-quarter pound citron, one-quarter nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoonful baking powder, flavor with lemon.

FISH GEMS.—Take any remnant of boiled fish, chop it fine, and add the same amount of bread crumbs soaked soft in milk, also two eggs beaten and a spoonful of butter; season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Bake in a buttered tin twenty minutes.

NEW YORK GINGER SNAPS.—One and a half cups molasses. Two tablespoonfuls sugar. One cup butter or sweet nice lard, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, two teaspoonfuls saleratus in a little hot water. Salt and spice to taste. Mix stiff; roll thin; bake quickly in hot oven, first cutting them in any shape desired.

FRENCH LEMON CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup butter, six eggs, half cup cold water or milk; three and one half cups flour sifted with one teaspoonful any kind good baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, beat eggs thoroughly, then add, stir rapidly a few minutes, then add other ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven in two layers. Flavor with lemon, and put layers together with lemon frosting. Also, heavily frost on the top. This is a nice cake suitable for any occasion.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

STEWED BEEF.—Roast a piece half; make gravy in pan without the fat. Flavor with pepper, salt, cloves and allspice; put in beef to stew gently, and add a can of mushrooms, also two spoonfuls of catsup. Steam rice with it and parsnips.

PUZZLES—NO. 9.

WHAT AM I?

I'm often heard but never seen
Nor can my dwelling-place be shown;
A mocking mimic I have been
Residing in my house of stone;
And what I was in ages past
I still shall be while time shall last.

I sleep while silence reigns around,
And tho' it may appear absurd
I'm wide awake to every sound
And will repeat the final word.
I loved, my love got no return,
Then pined away, sad and forlorn.

A nymph—a daughter of the air;
That once came under Juno's hate,
Was almost driven to despair,
But now submissive to my fate
I only speak when spoken to,
A thing I did not always do.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

1. He looked and espied two men.
2. They found him at last.
3. Did you ever esteem that man.
4. His eyebrow never was right.
5. The men dipped their heads in water,
6. Harriet nailed it on the wall.
7. The corn on the shed shall be sold.
8. A guardian of the poor was killed.
9. Frank lined the boxes.
10. He clasped them tightly.

PERCY PRIOR.

England.

ENIGMA.

I'm in sunshine and in shade,
I'm in hurried and delayed,
I'm in doubted and in seen,
I'm in lacking and in keen,
I'm in garden and in bog,
I'm in ocean and in fog,
I'm in wonder and in word,
I'm in lady and in lord,
I'm in angel and in saint,
I'm in handsome and in quaint,
I'm in hinder and in send,
I'm in enemy and friend,
I'm in workshop and in school,
I'm in bookstand and in tool,
I'm in earnest and in jest,
I'm in overcoat and vest,
I'm in river and in mill,
I'm in languid and in ill.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Conceit.
2. A part of a square mile.
3. Part of the eye.
4. Place of rest for a bird.

HARRY E. ARCHIBALD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 8.

HIDDEN PROVERB.—In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

METAGRAMS.—Pen, hen, fen, Ben, den, ton.

THE DISHONEST SERVANT.—

He rearranged them in the following way:

First visit.	*Second visit.*	*Third visit.*
2 5 2	3 3 3	4 1 4
5 5	3 3	1 1
2 5 2	3 3 3	4 1 4

The Family Circle.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

I sat in the School of Sorrow,
The Master was teaching there,
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

At last, in despair I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master was watching,
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me he pointed,
And I thought that I heard him say
My child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted
For one glimpse of that face divine,
Had given me strength to bear it
And say "Thy Will, not mine,"

And now may the glowing sunlight
From the heavenly home stream down,
Till the school tasks all are ended,
And the cross exchanged for the crown.

—*Selected.*

JOE DAVY'S VICTORY.

BY ALDRID HARE.

"I've joined the Church of England Temperance Society, and flung away the bottle."

"I wish, with all my heart, you had."

"Well you've often rated at a fellow for not doing it, and now he has done it there isn't a word of praise for him."

"What have you done?"

"Why, signed teetotal."

Mrs. Davy did not believe this announcement of her husband's. She saw that he was excited, and concluded he had just enough beer to make him lively; in which case he would delight in teasing her. He sat down, and she continued her writing. If Joe Davy had not been a drunkard he would have been a thoroughly happy and prosperous man; at least he had everything this world could give to make him such. Ten years before the time I am writing of he had married, and his father had settled him in a small grocer's shop in an overgrowing suburb of one of our large seaport towns. For a short time all went well with him; the business steadily increased; his wife proved an excellent tradeswoman; they were young and strong, and together were able to do a great deal of work. But, unfortunately, Joe Davy had contracted a habit of occasionally drinking more beer than was good for him, which habit was quite unknown to his wife until she had been married to him some months. By degrees these fits of drinking became more and more frequent; poor Mrs. Davy fought against them, but she was powerless, and at last gave it up and applied her whole energies to keeping ruin from their door.

I need not trace the downward track until it had reached the stage of which I am now writing. Suffice it to say that he was more often drunk than sober, that the entire management of the business was left to his wife, and that between her and him there had grown a coldness and reserve which was daily drifting them farther apart from each other. No wonder then that she took little notice of him when he came in and made the above assertion. She was rather surprised that he had come home so early as half-past nine, and still more so when he lighted a candle and went to bed. But she was settling the day's accounts, so only gave it a passing thought.

The following day, Mrs. Davy was extra busy; Christmas time was near, and she had large quantities of fruit to clean and weigh into pounds, so she did not know that her husband never left the house all day; as usual they had their meals separately, and if they happened to be together in the kitchen no words were exchanged. But in the evening when the shop was closed she found him sitting by the fire reading a newspaper, and with his slippers on—a sure sign that he did not intend going out again. Silently she prepared supper, and in silence they sat down to it, and began to eat it. After a short time Joe broke the silence by saying.

"You didn't believe me last night, missis, when I said I'd taken the pledge."

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davy. "But is it true?"

"Yes, it's true enough. I and another chap signed last night."

"Shall you keep it?"

"We mean to."

"Whatever made you do it?"

"Why we were lounging about—— Street, when we came to the schoolroom lighted up. 'What's going on?' said Will Bateman to a man standing at the door. He answered, 'A meeting.' 'What, missionary?' said Will. 'No, it's about you Hull fellows.' 'Let's go in,' I said, for I thought it was a League meeting, and wanted to hear what they had to say for themselves. Chapman, who was with us, and is always a bit of a coward, said, 'But can you get out again easy?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'only keep close to the door.' And he opened the door into the room; we slipped in and stood close to it. At first we didn't understand what was going on, but after a time Chapman whispered, 'It's a teetotal affair? That's the Rev. Smith in the chair. Let's go.' 'No,' replied Will, 'we've nothing better to do; let's stop and hear their lies.' With that he moved to a form; we followed him, and sat down. I don't know who the man was who was speaking but whoever he was, he had a rare gift that way, for soon we were all listening with our mouths wide open as if his words were food he was going to throw into them. I can't exactly recollect what he said, but I know very soon Will was crying like a bairn, and Chapman was nudging me and saying, 'Let's get out of this place.' I moved further from him. Whereupon he rose and left the room. After a bit, the gentleman stopped speaking and the Rev. Smith got up and asked if any person would sign the pledge. 'I will,' shouted Will, quite loud, and up he got and walked up to the platform. I followed him. He sat down and wrote his name, and then I wrote mine, and then we both walked out of the room. Will went home crying, and I came here, feeling as if I was drunk, though I hadn't tasted a drop all day."

Davy had turned his chair from the table at the beginning of this account, and gazing into the fire, seemed more as if he were going over the scene again to himself rather than relating to another person. He would scarcely have gone on so long had he been able to see his wife. At the first she had laid down her knife and fork, then an elbow had been put on the table for support, and, finally, her head had fallen on her hand, and she was feeling just as she did once when she had fainted away. She put out her other hand to reach a glass of water which was near her plate; the movement recalled her husband to the fact of her being there, and made him look round. He was frightened. Her hand trembled too much to let her hold the glass, and there was enough of her face visible for him to see that it was deadly pale. He went up to her, and putting one arm round her waist, raised her up with the other, saying in a tone of voice she had often heard in years gone by, but in later times, never, "What ails you, Ellen?"

He put the water to her lips, and then, taking her handkerchief out of her pocket, gently bathed her temples with it. She quickly recovered; and directly he saw the danger of fainting had passed, he left her, and returned to his chair. He dared not speak. What could he have said? He felt so guilty before her. She was bewildered and overcome by a sense of relief from a heavy burden. She had often felt that

"The burden laid upon her was greater than she could bear."

and now that it was suddenly and unexpectedly loosed from off her, she felt she could not bear the freedom. There they sat, without moving, neither perceiving that the fire was out, and that the kitchen was becoming very cold. The clock's striking twelve aroused Mrs. Davy. She glanced at her husband. How wretched and forlorn he looked. Certainly an object of pity for any one, and especially for the woman, who, in spite of all, loved him still. She would like to have told him how she loved him, and how deeply thankful she was for this change in him, and she longed, too, to comfort him, and to encourage him, but words would not come; somehow she seemed to be in a nightmare where she could see, know, and desire, but was powerless to act.

She rose from her chair, and moved the supper things. Action was good for her, and she soon began to feel her ideas clearing. She thought, "He must be told that I forgive him, or perhaps he will doubt it, and be driven back to badness, and then the chance of his reforming may be lost for ever. Oh, my Father, teach me what I ought to say, show me what I ought to do." The next moment an impulse seized her, and she acted on it. She walked up to her husband, put her arms round his neck, and laid her face against his. And that was all. No words of explanation nor forgiveness ever passed between them.

But this was only an armistice; there was yet a great deal of fighting to be done before Mr. and Mrs. Davy might feel sure that the enemy was driven off the ground, and that peace was signed. Happily his work was in his own house, therefore he could keep himself out of temptation's way, and away from the jeers of old companions; but he could not keep himself from craving for the stimulants he had vowed never again to touch, and sometimes the longing drove him to madness, and at such times his irritability of temper was so great that even his long-suffering wife was at the point of losing patience.

At last the climax came. There was one more encounter fiercer than any of the rest, and the victory was won. It was on one very hot summer's evening about six months after Joe Davy had taken the pledge. He had been "very queer" all day, and Mrs. Davy, understanding the symptoms, had watched him with much uneasiness. When the shop was closed she would have liked to have gone for a walk into the country, but dared not risk the letting her husband see and smell a beer shop, so she brought out the account-books, and tried to get him to help her with them. That failed, he would not look at them; and his countenance was so sullen, and his voice so savage when he spoke that she was more afraid for him than she had ever before been. She saw the strait he was in. What could she do to help him out of it? It struck her that perhaps a weak stimulant might assuage the craving for a strong one. Anyway she would try. She shut up the books with the remark, "Settling accounts is too hard work for a hot evening like this," and set about preparing supper. She had sufficient cooked food in the house, but with this she would not be satisfied, so she went into the little back kitchen, where in the summer she had a fire, but which had been let out after it had boiled the kettle for tea, rekindled the fire, and fried some ham and eggs; also she made some strong coffee. All the time she kept up a cheery conversation (at least if a monologue may be called a conversation, for it was entirely sustained by her). When the table was set, he got up, and seemed to turn from the sight of food in disgust. She was standing in a small scullery between the two kitchens, and saw him glance towards the outer door which was close to her. In an instant she fetched the frying-pan, to put it on the sink, and in moving it managed to spill on to the floor some of the melted grease. Of course this had to be cleaned up immediately, and down she went on her knees to scrub and brush. Davy was walking restlessly up and down the front kitchen, and had actually made up his mind to make a rush at the door, and be off, but now he was hindered by his wife's proving a barricade, for she had so placed herself that he must either stride over her, or ask her to make way for him. After a short time he resumed his seat, and when her floor was as clean as she could wish it to be she rose from her kneeling posture, quickly washed her hands, and joined him. She moved the table so near him, that he only had to slightly turn to be in front of it, and there was soon under his nose the savory smell of the ham, as well as the fragrant one of the coffee. The latter tempted him, he raised the cup to his lips, and drained its contents at a gulp. She refilled it; he again emptied it; and this was repeated several times. He would not look at the food. They did not speak, and she dared not move lest he should take advantage of there being a clear course, and rush out of the house. Daylight faded into twilight, which deepened into night, and yet they did not move. The moon rose, and shone full in at the window, casting her soft, silvery light over a scene calm and peaceful; for the man and his wife were sitting like statues; he with his chair tilted, leaning its back against the wall, his chin resting on his breast; she, with her arms crossed on the table, and her face resting on them. All looked quiet; but what a mighty battle was being fought! A soul was struggling for mastery over the flesh and the devil on one side; on the other a soul was wrestling with its God. Mrs. Davy was praying the prayer of one who feels that in the direst necessity all earthly power is of no avail, but who believes in a Father who is Omnipotent. To him she poured out her soul, begging for the salvation which her poor husband was in such urgent need of.

As time slowly passed, and no ground seemed to be gained, she became desperate, so desperate, that her prayer no longer formed words, she simply looked up to her God in mute agony.

She was aroused by a sob which shook the entire frame of the big strong man, and which ended in a flood of tears. He was saved. He, who was "in all points tempted like as we are," had given him the victory. Never again did that dreadful craving seize him, nor even the desire in a milder form. From that night total abstinence has been easy to him; and his life is now being spent in trying to persuade others to follow his example. He does not labor in vain.—*C. E. T. Chronicle.*

HOW TO AROUSE A MISSIONARY INTEREST.

Rev. C. W. Kilbon, of Zululand, says that one of the ways of arousing missionary interest at home is for the churches and pastors to seek promising and suitable young persons in their respective congregations and set them to thinking in the line of the gospel ministry and mission work. He illustrates this by reference to the Congregational Church in Oakham, Mass., where at least eight young men were led into the ministry during the pastorate of one man, five of whom became either home or foreign missionaries. Many young men are doubtless lost to the ministry and missionary work because they will not put themselves forward. They feel it would be presumptuous, in view of its responsibilities and their natural qualifications. He suggests, also, the importance of the theological seminaries having it a part of their plan to furnish missionary instruction through a special but permanent department. The field of study, he says, is wide enough in range and important enough to warrant the establishment of missionary professorships in each seminary. Pastors at home would be vastly better fitted too for their local work by the training and intelligence gained in such study.

TESTIMONIES WORTH SOMETHING.

The veteran missionary, Rev. James Chalmers, said recently in an address in London: "I have had twenty-one years experience among natives; I have seen the semi-civilized and the civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined, and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty Group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan Group; I know all the islands of the Society Group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey Group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea, but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or with a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized." Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory. A remarkable testimony to the work of the American missionaries in China comes from the pen of Colonel Charles Denby, the American minister at Pekin. After visiting every mission in the open ports, he says: "It is idle for any man to decry missionaries or their works. . . . I am not particularly pro-missionary, but as a man I cannot but admire and respect them. I do not address myself to the churches; but, as a man of the world, talking to sinners like myself, I say that it is difficult to say too much good of missionary work in China."

DEATH OF A GREAT INVENTOR.

One of the greatest of inventors has passed away. Captain John Ericsson, whose name will ever be held in grateful remembrance, died at his residence, 36 Beach street, New York, on Friday, March 8th, at the age of eighty-six, after having spent a life of wonderful activity.

The amount of work that John Ericsson did in his life time is marvellous to contemplate, even when his robust constitution, his indomitable application, and his 86 years are considered. The list of his inventions is tremendous, and their influence on the civilization of the world and the development of science is almost incalculable. He was born in Langbonshytton, Province of Wermland, Sweden, July 31, 1803. His father, Ofer, was a mining proprietor, and his brother, Baron Nils Ericsson, was Colonel of engineers, and became chief of the Swedish railways, and with his three sons sat in the Swedish Diet. John Ericsson's mother, Sophie, was the daughter of an iron-master.

From this it will be seen that the influences of his early life tended to develop in him a taste for engineering. This was strikingly evinced at the early age of ten, when he constructed a miniature sawmill and pumping-machine that attracted the attention of Count Platen, chief of the great ship canal intersecting the Swedish peninsula. Through the influence of this official he was appointed a cadet of engineers two years later, and at the age of thirteen he was made a leveller on the canal. At seventeen he entered the army as ensign, and rapidly reached a lieutenancy in consequence of his fine military maps, which attracted the attention of King Charles John Bernadotte. Meanwhile all his spare time had been used in making drawings of every implement and machine connected with the canal. He also devised a line engraving machine, by means of which in one year he completed eighteen large copper plates, which experts pronounced to be of superior merit.

When about twenty-two years of age Lieut. Ericsson constructed a flame engine of ten horse power, and journeyed to London on leave in 1826 to introduce it. Once in the British capital he resigned his commission in the Swedish army. This was accepted, but not until he had been promoted to a captaincy. During the next few years Ericsson produced in England about forty machines of various kinds, and of which about one-third were patented. Among them were a file-cutting device, an instrument for taking soundings, which is still in use; a hydrostatic weighing machine, an apparatus for making salt from brine, a pumping engine, a rotary steam engine, and a famous system of artificial draught for steam boilers, which dispensed with huge smokestacks and economized fuel. In 1828 he applied to the steamship "Victory" the principle of condensing steam and returning the water to the boiler. In 1829, in the wonderfully short period of seven weeks, he planned and completed an engine, the "Novelty," which was the lightest, most elegant, and speediest locomotive known up to that time. It attained a speed of thirty miles an hour, which was considered amazing at that time. In the "Novelty" he introduced several novel features, the four most noted of which are retained in the railway engines of the present day. In this same year he invented a steam fire engine, which created a great sensation in London, and for which, in 1840, he received the great gold medal of the Mechanics' Institute of New York.

All this had been done in the first twenty-five years of Ericsson's existence, the undeveloped youth of the average man.

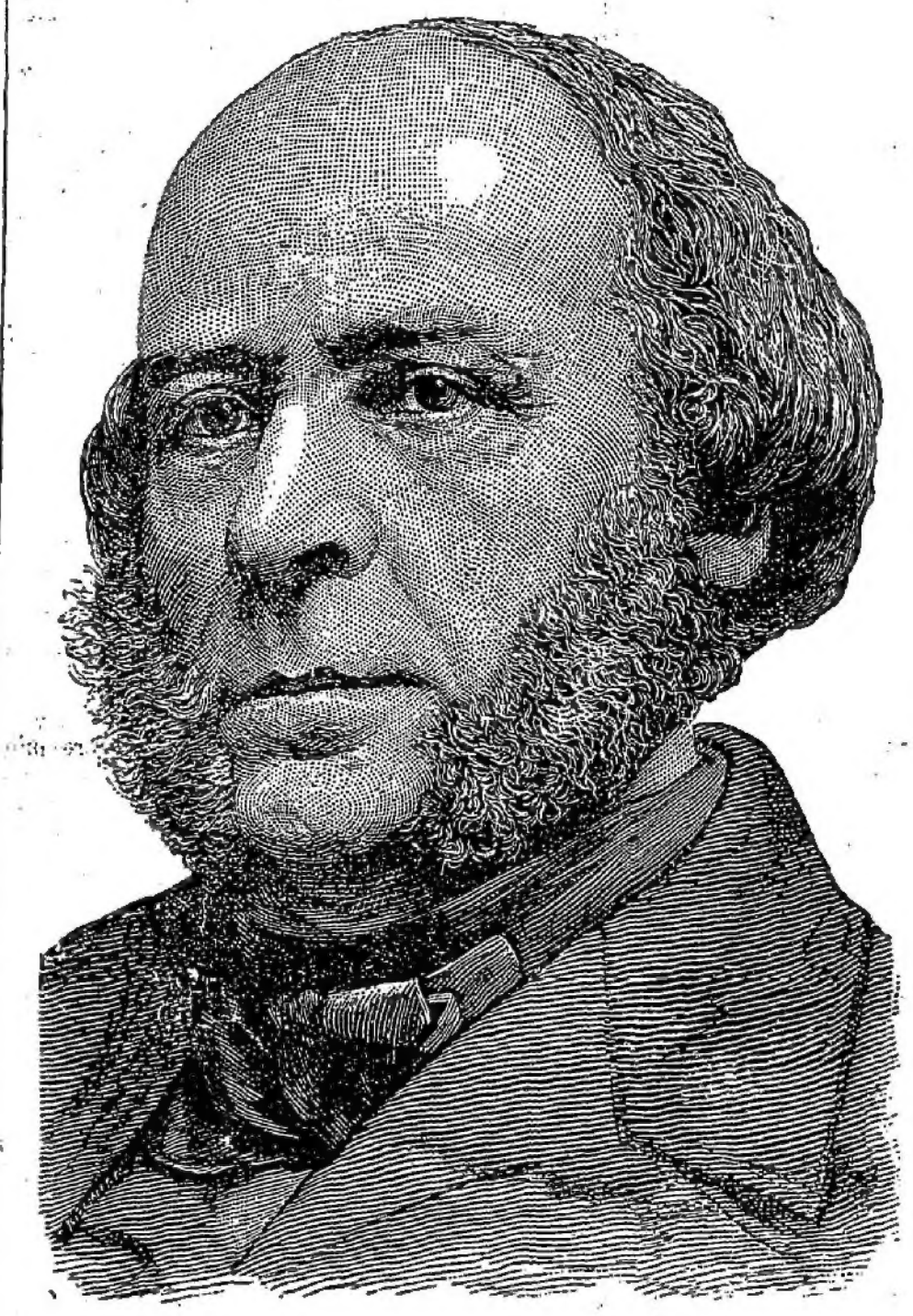
In 1830 he introduced "linked motion" for the reversing of engines, and a modification of his device is now in use on all locomotives. It was in 1833, however, that he created his first great scientific sensation by realizing his long-cherished plan of a caloric engine. The scientific world was astonished, and lectures on the invention were delivered in London by Dr. Dionysius Lardner and Michael Faraday. It was also highly approved by Dr. Andrew Ure and Sir Richard Phillips. It was unsuccessful in practice, however, on account of the high temperature necessary. Twenty years later the caloric ship "Ericsson" was propelled by a motor on the same principle. A sea trial was made from New York to Washington and back, but while it was established that fuel could be greatly economized, the speed attained was too slow for competition with steam. It was beneficial, however, in directing the attention of the inventor to the improvement of the stationary caloric engine and its application to light mechanical purposes. The result is that thousands of these engines have been built, hundreds of which are now in use in this city for pumping water in private dwellings. In 1862 the American Academy of Arts and Sciences awarded the gold and silver Rumford medals to Ericsson "for his improvements in the management of heat, particularly as shown in his caloric engine of 1858."

But long prior to this recognition of his genius and his labors, Ericsson had made a far more important discovery. In 1836 he invented and patented the screw propeller, which revolutionized navigation. Although the usefulness of this invention was practically demonstrated, its adoption was refused by the British Admiralty on the ground that a vessel could not be steered with the motive power applied at the stern. This refusal was indirectly the cause of Ericsson's coming to the United States. In 1838 he constructed the iron screw steamer "Robert F. Stockton," which crossed the Atlantic under canvas in 1839, and was afterward used as a tugboat on the Delaware River for a quarter of a century. In November, 1839, the inventor came to America, after having resigned his office in London, at the solicitation of Commodore Robert F. Stockton, United States Navy.

The United States Government readily recognized the genius of Ericsson, and under an order from the Navy Department in 1841 he furnished designs for the screw war-ship "Princeton," the first vessel having the propelling machinery below the water line and out of reach of hostile shot. This vessel dictated the reconstruction of the navies of the world. Besides her screw propeller the "Princeton" carried other inventions by Ericsson: A direct-acting steam-engine of unusual compactness, a telescope smokestack in place of the ordinary tall pipe, a centrifugal blower in the hold, a gun carriage with machinery for taking up the recoil, and the self-acting lock allowing the gun to be fired.

To an intellect like Ericsson's the success of this invention and its recognition and adoption by the natives of the world was only a spur to further effort. As early as 1836 Ericsson had conceived an idea that was put in practical shape in 1854, when he presented to Emperor Napoleon III. plans of a partially submerged armored vessel with guns on a revolving shot proof cupola placed centrally on the deck. This was really the germ, so to speak, of the "Monitor."

The story of the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" is old, but that of the building of the former, "a cheese-box on a raft," is not so familiar. When Ericsson's plan of this strange craft was submitted to the authorities at Washington it was refused as being impracticable, and it was only after the intervention of Mr. C. S. Bushnell, of New Haven, Conn., and other influential citizens, as well as the appearance in person of Ericsson before the authorities, that an order could be obtained for the construction of the "Monitor." But when the order was once obtained the work was pushed forward so rapidly that the ship was launched complete in 100 days from the laying of the keel plate. And just in time, too, for the Confederate iron-clad "Merrimac" had destroyed the "Cumberland" and "Congress," and practically had the rest of the Government's wooden fleet at her mercy. Had it not been for the "Monitor" the whole course of the war might have been changed. But after the victory at Hampton Roads a fleet of monitors was quickly built, and the Confederate Navy was destroyed. Russia, Sweden, Norway and Turkey adopted the American turret system, and when the "Miantonomoh" crossed the ocean even the British construction yielded, and that nation carried out the principle on a far larger scale.



THE LATE JOHN ERICSSON.

In 1869 Ericsson constructed for the Spanish Government a fleet of thirty steam gunboats, and in 1881 he devised his latest war-vessel, the "Destroyer." This was intended for defensive war, and to destroy the tremendous naval structures his Monitor system had caused to be built up. This vessel is of iron, 130 feet long. It carries a submarine 16 inch gun, thirty feet long, which discharges a projectile weighing 1,500 pounds and containing 300 pounds of gun-cotton against an iron-clad's hull beneath the customary water-line armor belt, with such effect that water-tight compartments will be of no avail.

Ericsson's later years have been devoted to the development of his "sun-motor," which was erected in 1883, and which develops a steady power obtained from the supply of mechanical energy stored up in the sun. It is the result of experiments conducted for a quarter of a century, and was designed by the inventor as a contribution to applied science. Another instrument invented by Capt. Ericsson is the pyrheliometer, designed to show the intensity of the sun's rays. He also investigated the surface and temperature of the moon, and demonstrated that the "ring mountains" cannot be composed of volcanic matter, but are inert glaciers, made permanent as granite by perpetual, intense cold. One of his conclusions was that the water on the moon bears the same proportion to its mass as the water of our oceans to the terrestrial mass.

The variety of Capt. Ericsson's work is only less remarkable than its intrinsic importance, and proves the wonderful intellect and marvellous application of the man. In 1851, at the London World's Fair, he exhibited an instrument for measuring distances at sea—a hydrostatic gauge for fluids under pressure, a guage for the volume of water passing through pipes, the alarm barometer, a pyrometer, a measure for fluids by the velocity with which they pass through definite apertures, and a sea lead for use without rounding the vessel to the wind. Among his scientific investigations are remarkable computations of the influences tending to retard the earth's rotary motion, including the weight of material taken from below the earth's crust and piled above it by the hand of men.

In 1876 Capt. Ericsson published a volume of 600 quarto pages descriptive of his inventions. In his introduction to this volume he says: "The Commissioners of the Centennial Exhibition having omitted to invite me to exhibit the results of my labors connected with mechanics and physics, a gap in their record of material progress exceeding one-third of a century has been occasioned. I have therefore deemed it proper to publish a statement of my principal labors during the last third of a century, the achievements of which the promoters of the Centennial Exhibition have called upon the civilized world to recognize." Besides all this, he contributed numerous papers on scientific, naval, and mechanical subjects to various journals in America and Europe.

Many honors were bestowed upon him. Among his titles were honorary Doctor of Philosophy of Royal University of Lund; member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Stockholm; member of the Royal Academy of Military Sciences, Sweden; honorary member of the Royal Scientific Society of Upsala; Knight Commander with the Grand Cross, of the Order of Nordstjerman; Knight Commander of Danneborg, First Class; Knight Commander of Isabel la Catholica; Knight Commander of Sanct Olaf, and Knight Commander of the Order of Vasa. He was also a member of various scientific institutions in Europe and America, and in 1862 had the degree of LL.D., conferred upon him by the Wesleyan University. He was likewise the recipient of the grand cross of naval merit from King Alfonso of Spain and a gold medal from the Emperor of Austria.

Ericsson never returned to his native land after leaving it for England, but in 1867 a great granite monument, quarried by the unpaid labor of the miners, some of whom had worked for his father, was set up with gala festivities in front of his mansions and inscribed with the words: "John Ericsson was born here in 1803."—*New York Witness.*

HONOR IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY HILARY TRUE.

After Miss I——, who is a teacher in our public school, had come home to dinner the other day, she discovered that she had left an open letter lying on her desk in the school-room. Mr. W——, another teacher in the same school, on hearing her state the fact, remarked: "I hope there was nothing in it that you don't want made public."

"Why?" said Miss I——, "who would touch it?"

"You'd better ask who wouldn't," returned Mr. W——.

"You surely don't think any of my nice boys and girls would read a letter that was directed to me, and was left on my desk," asserted Miss I——.

"I surely do think that nine-tenths of your pupils would do that very thing if they got the chance," Mr. W—— replied with emphasis. Whereupon came a lively discussion, followed by an appeal to me, and, sad as it may seem, I was forced to admit that Mr. W—— was probably too nearly right. But I cannot think that the boys and girls would be altogether to blame for such a state of affairs. If a child will do such a thing as that, I am certain that in nine cases out of ten it is because he has not had proper home training. That is one of the weak spots in his education. His teaching in such matters, may have been simply a minus quantity, which is bad enough, or it may have been all right as to quantity, but altogether wrong as to quality, which is much worse.

For example: One day within the past year, I accompanied a lady friend and her little boy to the home of an acquaintance of hers, in order that I might consult some books of reference, known to be in her library. The owner of the library was not at home, but as the housekeeper knew my companion, we gained access to the library.

At first, Mrs. H—— helped me to the books, and set me to work; and then, while I was reading and taking notes, I was conscious that she was, as children say, "just going through things." She didn't stop with examining the books, but the drawers beneath the bookshelves were opened and thoroughly investigated, and the drawers of tables and writing-desk—as many as were not locked—were also opened and their contents noted.

Meanwhile, when little Harry offered to touch anything, he was immediately stopped by a "No, no, Harry, you musn't touch," from his most exemplary mother.

If Harry, when he is older, should be guilty of reading a letter addressed to his teacher, and carelessly left by her within his reach, whose will be the blame?

As for me, I was positively ashamed to be in the company of such a daughter of Eve, and was heartily glad when my researches were made, my notes finished, and I could announce my readiness to leave.

When I was young,—in those good old times,—children were taught to be honorable as well as honest. My father gave me to understand, as soon as I was old enough to understand anything, that I was not expected to read letters that were not written to me, unless I was invited to do so. But, once, when I was about twelve years old, I allowed my curiosity to get the better of me, and read a letter with which I had no business. I am glad to say, however, that I was duly punished. Not by my parents, for they never know it, but by having to carry around with me the miserable consciousness that I was a "sneak-thief." If I had been stealing sheep, I could not have felt any meaner. That one experience will last me a life time.

As long as I was at home, I felt no fear whatever of my letters being read by other members of the family without my leave. Consequently, when I first went away from home, I was not as particular about taking care of my letters as I afterwards learned to be.

Mrs. N, the lady with whom I boarded,—and a lady she was in most things,—opened my eyes on that subject, by telling me how a few years previous she had learned the opinion of a gentleman who boarded there, concerning herself and family, by reading an unfinished letter that he had carelessly, or too trustingly, left in an atlas in the common sitting-room. This she told me, not with shame and sorrow, but as if it were something that entitled her to credit and congratulation. You may be sure that I profited by the broad hint she thus gave me.

At another time, she related to me, as one of the smart tricks of her girlhood, a story that was disgraceful, could she but have seen it in that light. She said that when she was a young lady, at home, she roomed with her sister Emma, two or three year her senior. Emma had a lover, and very naturally, but to her young sister's great disgust, she refused to show her the letters she received from him. But my narrator informed me with unpardonable pride, how she outwitted her sister Emma. They had but one bureau in their room, which they shared, and as bad luck would have it, the younger sister had a drawer directly over Emma's, in which said love letters were kept safely locked, as their owner supposed. But this over-curious girl wasn't to be baffled by a simple lock and key. So she conceived the brilliant idea of taking out her own drawer, and so helping herself to the contents of the drawer beneath. This she did, read the letters, and replaced them, and her sister remained in blissful ignorance of the fact.

Evidently Mrs. N—— had never suffered as any right-minded and properly educated person would have done, from an uneasy conscience; for she told the story not only shamelessly and jocosely, but before two or three of her children, also, and then not in order to "point a moral," which purpose it could have well served. Since that time, I have often wished—but in vain—that my old confidence in the honor of people could be restored to me.

Children should be taught, even from infancy, that reading the letters of others without permission is as truly stealing as is taking money which is not their own. It surely is so, and I should really think no more of a person who was guilty of stealing the reading of my letters than of one who stole my purse.—*Housekeeper.*

COMPASSION.

"Wisdom hath sent forth her maidens."—Prov. ix. 3.

No bloom the woodland holds,
No leaf the thicket yields,
The snow is on the wolds,
The floods upon the fields.
Where hyacinths have waved the head,
And violets bloomed in leafy bed
The waters go
In icy flow,
And wintry winds blow loud and dread.

What wanderer seeks the glade
Afar from Shepherd's fold?
A lamb moans in the shade,
Anear the waters cold.
But love's compassion, pure and wise,
Is beaming from a maiden's eyes.
O'er wild and waste,
In pitying haste,
She seeks and finds him ere he dies.

Lo! in the cloudy day
The lambs are scattered wide;
Amid the floods they stray,
And perish in the tide.
O Wisdom's messengers of grace,
Bring back the wanderers to his face!
With tender hands,
And love's soft bands,
Enfold them in your warm embrace.

—*Clara Thwaites, in the Quiver.*

SOCIABLE OIL.

It is a well-known fact that much of the dissipation and nearly all of the intemperance of the present day is due to the American habit of "treating." The young man who smokes or drinks is seemingly not satisfied unless he can induce his companion to do likewise, and so it follows that not only does a man drink or smoke two or three times more than he would if alone, but many persons who lack the moral courage to say no are led into vices where they would not go if left to themselves. It is a reprehensible habit, as well as a foolish one, and the next time you are asked to smoke or drink, you may retort by telling the following true story:

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite and also a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out:

"Hallo, Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry; "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry; "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I am not feeling very well to-day," said he, with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What?" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes; I'll pay for it."

"E-heu!" cried the sociable man, with a very wry face. "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me, just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed! My friend," said Perry, gravely, "your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point, and it would be money, health, and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.—*Exchange.*

A WORTHY DISCIPLE.

A correspondent relates a touching story concerning one of Father Mathew's converts to temperance. He had taken a pledge as an abstainer forty years ago, and is now over seventy. During a recent severe illness the doctor recommended stimulants, but the old man firmly declined them. The correspondent added his entreaties, but was met with this pathetic reply—"An' how could I mate Father Mathew in Heaven, God bless him, an' me afther breaking the holy promise I guv' him? Sure, too, wouldn't the blessed St. Pether himself be afther turning me back at the gate, an' me wid his riverince's medal, and the smell of the whiskey on my lips."

This worthy disciple of Father Mathew recovered without whiskey. Early in life he had been a hard drinker.—*Temperance League Journal.*

AN ODD OLD CITY.

President Lincoln in appointing a consul to Quito remarked to him that he had given him "the highest office in the power of the President to bestow."

Nowadays that would mean the post-office at Leadville, but then it was the mission to Quito, the capital of Ecuador.

Quito is remarkable for much else than its great altitude. It lies almost exactly under, or over the equator, and upon the breast of a mighty volcano, Pichincha, whose snow-clad summit towers fifteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven feet, but fortunately the crater is on the other side of the peak, so that when an eruption takes place, the fire and lava do not reach it.

The valley in which Quito lies is girdled with twenty-one volcanoes, of which three are constantly active, five dormant, but liable to break out at any time, and twelve extinct and harmless. There are twenty-two mountains whose summits are covered with everlasting snow, although they are directly under the equator, where the snow line is eighteen thousand feet.

There are forty more peaks that are more than ten thousand feet high, and the group forms the most majestic assemblage of mountains on the face of the globe. The monarch, the commander of this grand army of Titans, is Chimborazo, twenty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one feet high.

To reach Quito from the sea one must ride nine days on muleback. There is no road for waggons, but only a bridle-path, which crosses the breast of Chimborazo at a height of fourteen thousand feet, and it is a journey of great hardship and discomfort. All freight for the interior of Ecuador is carried upon the backs of mules or men, who travel twelve or fourteen hours a day, and take two or three weeks for the journey.

There was no telegraph line until a few years ago, and it is useless most of the time, for the people cut down the poles for firewood, and steal the wire to repair their harness and panniers with.

But having once reached the capital of the Incas, it seems like entering another world.

Quito is at least two hundred years behind the times in almost every feature of civilization. It is so far removed from the rest of the world that the inhabitants seldom leave it, and people from the outside do not often go there.

The city is without a decent hotel, although there are seventy-five or eighty thousand inhabitants. There is not a carriage or a waggon in the place, and only a few carts of the most primitive pattern.

The history of Quito has never been written, but the traditions make it as old as Jerusalem or Damascus. The Incas have traditions of a mighty nation called the Quitos, who lived there before their fathers came, but of whom the world has no other knowledge. All we know is that Pizarro found a magnificent capital of a mighty empire, extending three thousand miles, and as thickly settled as China or the interior of Europe, with beautiful palaces of stone, full of gold and silver and gems; but it was all destroyed.

Decay and dilapidation, poverty and ignorance, filth and depravity are the most conspicuous features of life in Quito, but the people are as vain and proud as if they had all the good things of the world, and think they have a grander city than London or New York. The only portion of the population who seem to be prosperous consists of the buzzards, the scavengers of the town, and as all the filth and refuse from the houses is pitched into the streets, they have plenty to do.

The men stand idly around the street corners, wrapped in their ponchos, for it is cool in the shade, and repulsive looking beggars reach out their hands for alms to those who pass by. The women are seldom seen in the streets except on feast days or early in the morning when they go to mass, and then they keep their faces so covered that it is impossible to tell one from another.

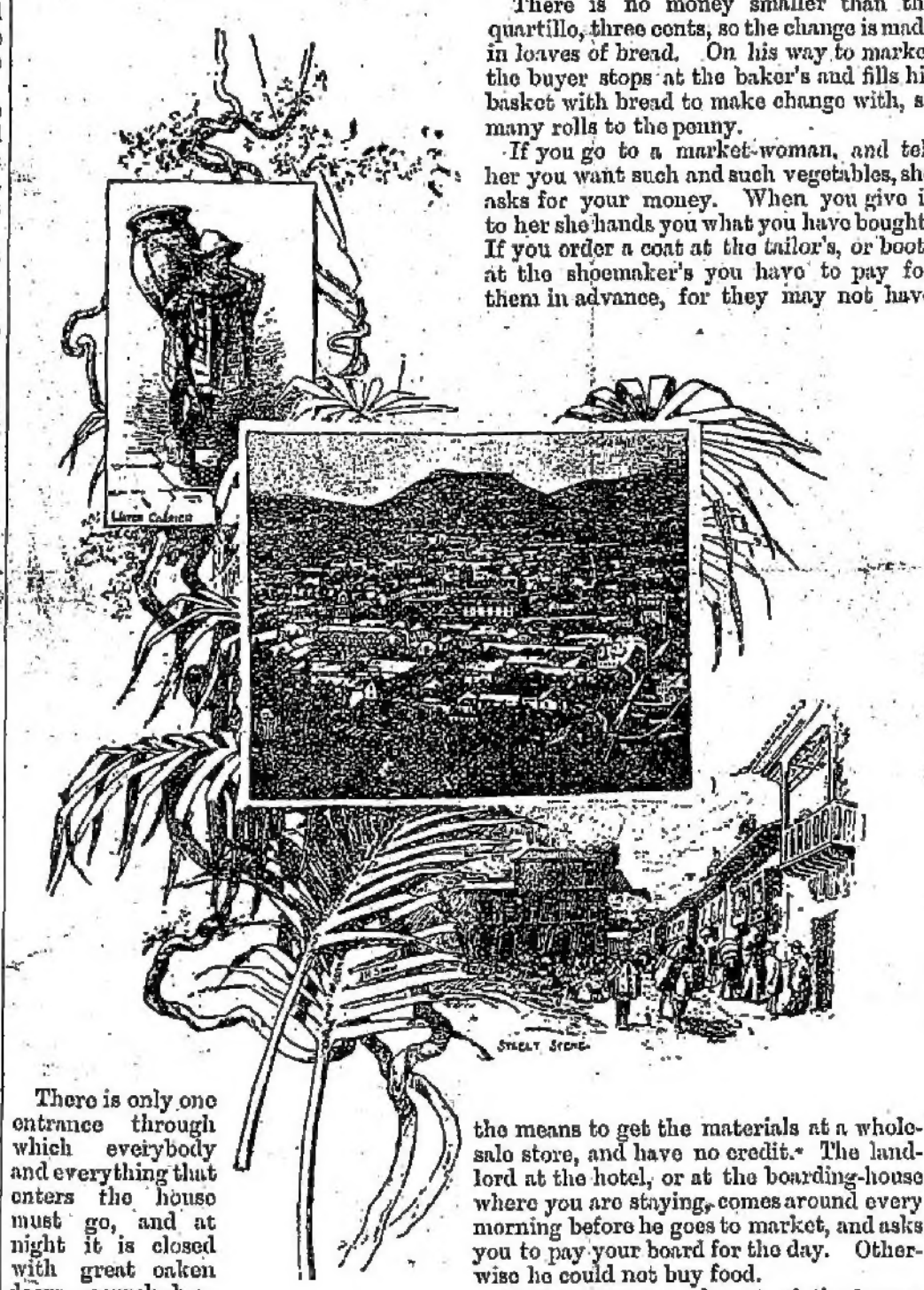
Almost every second person you meet is a priest or a monk, and they wear all sorts of queer gowns and frocks, with the old-fashioned shovel hats that we see in the pictures of olden times in Italy and Spain. Soldiers are numerous, usually barefooted, and wearing uniforms of ordinary white cotton sheeting.

Water-carriers are always to be seen with great jars of clay, holding half a barrel, on their backs, going to and from the fountain in the Plaza. There are no pipes or wells to supply the houses, and all the water used by the families has to be brought by the servants, or purchased from the public carriers at so much a gallon.

The city is traversed by deep ravines that are arched over with heavy masonry, on which the houses rest. All the streets are narrow, and carriages could scarcely pass upon them if there were any. The side-walks are in proportion to the streets, and one wonders what they were made for, as two people could not possibly go abreast or pass each other upon them.

It is even difficult for one man to keep both feet upon the sidewalk without rubbing the whitewash off the walls of the houses, and the inhabitants, who are never guilty of any unnecessary exertion, have abandoned the effort, and walk in the road. The roofs of the houses, which are made of curved tiles, like sewer pipes cut lengthwise, reach over the pavements two or three feet, and water-spouts project still farther.

Few of the houses have windows looking upon the street on the ground floor, but are lighted from the inner courts.



There is only one entrance through which everybody and everything that enters the house must go, and at night it is closed with great oaken doors securely barred. There is no gas, but a law requires each householder to hang a lantern over his door with a lighted candle in it. When the candles burn out at ten or eleven o'clock the streets are totally dark. The policemen carry lanterns and long pikes, and when the clocks strike the hours they call out "Sereno! Sereno!" which means that "all is well." Therefore, the policemen are called "Serenos."

All the men wear ponchos, blankets with slits cut in the centre through which their heads are passed. The poncho is the most useful of garments, for it is a substitute for a coat by day, a coverlet by night, an umbrella when it rains, and a basket when there is anything bulky to carry.

The women wear a similar garment, the paneulon, or manta, with which they hide their heads and faces as well as their bodies.

The women are notoriously untidy in their dress and habits, but the paneulon hides their defects. There is no such a thing as a bonnet in all Ecuador. The Indians, said to be the descendants of the Incas, wear nothing but black, as a pathetic, perpetual mourning for Atahualpa, their king, the last of the Incas, who was strangled by Pizarro.

The people are scrupulously polite, but never do what they promise. If a man should carry out an agreement, as he would be expected to do in other countries, his neighbors would look upon him as a most eccentric individual. If you contract for a horse to be brought to your door at nine o'clock in the morning, you must not look for him till twelve, if he comes at all. If a shoemaker promises to make you a pair of boots by Saturday night you need not expect them for a week or two after.

There are no fixed prices for anything in the stores. If you ask the cost of an article the merchant will reply, "How much will you give for it?" If you name a sum he will then ask twice or three times as much as you offer, and negotiate with you. The women in the market will sell nothing by wholesale. If potatoes are a medio, six cents a pound, every pound will be weighed out separately, no matter whether you buy two pounds or a bushel.

There is no money smaller than the quartillo, three cents, so the change is made in loaves of bread. On his way to market the buyer stops at the baker's and fills his basket with bread to make change with, so many rolls to the penny.

If you go to a market-woman, and tell her you want such and such vegetables, she asks for your money. When you give it to her she hands you what you have bought. If you order a coat at the tailor's, or boots at the shoemaker's you have to pay for them in advance, for they may not have the means to get the materials at a wholesale store, and have no credit. The landlord at the hotel, or at the boarding-house where you are staying, comes around every morning before he goes to market, and asks you to pay your board for the day. Otherwise he could not buy food.

At the entrances of most of the houses are effigies of saints with candles burning before them, and all who enter must take off their hats and cross themselves. Service is going on in the churches almost continuously, and the air is filled with the clangor of bells from morning till night. No lady of quality goes to church without a servant following her, who carries her prayer rug.

There are no pews nor seats in the churches, but the floors are marked off in squares, which are rented like sittings. The servant lays the prayer rug down, the lady kneels upon it during her devotions, and at the close of the service the servant comes again to take it away.

Servants always go in droves. When you hire a cook you take her husband and the rest of her family to board, and they bring their dogs and rabbits, their pigs, their chickens, and all their other property with them. The husband may be a peddler or a blacksmith, or he may be a soldier, but he continues to live with his wife when she goes out to service. The children of the family may be used for light duties, such as going on errands or watching the baby, and no extra pay is expected, but for every servant you hire you may depend upon having a dozen or more extra mouths to feed.

There is not a stove or a chimney in all Quito. The weather is seldom cold enough to require a fire for heating purposes, and all the cooking is done with charcoal on a sort of shelf like a blacksmith's forge. There must be a different fire for every pot or kettle and generally two persons to attend them, one with a pair of bellows, and the other to keep the pots from tipping over, for they are made with rounded bottoms like a ginger-beer bottle. No laundry work is ever done in the house, but all the soiled clothes are taken to the nearest brook, washed in the cold running water, and spread upon the stones to dry in the sun.

Very little water is used, for drinking, for bathing, or for laundry purposes. There is a national prejudice against it. The people have a notion that water is unwholesome, that it causes dyspepsia if too much is taken into the stomach, and that a fever will result from too free use of it upon the skin.

Women seldom wash their faces but wipe them with cloths, and then spread on a sort of plaster made of magnesia and the whites of eggs.

The Indians constitute the laboring population and they carry all their burdens on their backs. They do not seem to have any strength in their arms. A broad strap is passed around the forehead to sustain the load, and another around the shoulders. They generally take a slow trot when on a journey, which they can keep up for hours without tiring, even with a hundred pounds on their backs.

They never laugh nor sing, have no sports, no songs, no tales, but are sullen, morose, stupid, and submissive to all sorts of cruelty and oppression. The Spaniards have been hard masters, and three hundred and fifty years of cruel persecution and oppression have crushed out the spirit of the poor son of the Inca, so that he no longer smiles.

The Indians, and in fact nearly all the lower classes, seldom marry because they cannot afford to do so, as the fees charged by the priests are so high. Even among the aristocratic classes it is the custom for young people to solicit money among their friends to pay their marriage fee, and it is a common thing to see a man going around with a little basket, among the throngs at the market-place, and saying to those he approaches:

"For the love of the Virgin, most illustrious senor, give me a medio toward the payment of my marriage fee."

The aristocratic ladies never go shopping but have samples brought to them from the stores, and select their goods in that way. Articles purchased are never wrapped inpackages, for paper is too expensive. All ladies, as well as gentlemen, are inveterate smokers and gamblers, and spend much of their time with cigarettes and cards.

There are no concerts, or lectures, or museums, or public meetings, and very seldom a dinner-party, for each family has all it can do to provide its own food or drink, without entertaining its friends and neighbors. The ladies do not call upon each other, but do all their visiting from the balconies of their houses, or while they are on their way to and from mass.

Bull-baiting and cock-fighting are the chief amusements, with carnivals and masquerades on feast days. The men and women dress themselves in fantastic costumes on these occasions, and throng the streets, pelting each other with egg-shells filled with perfumed water, or bunches of colored paper cut into little pieces, like snowflakes.

The people are all Catholics, and are much more bigoted and intolerant than in Rome itself, or in any other country in the world. No Protestant is allowed to get married, or testify in the courts, or be buried in the cemeteries, and not many years have passed since they were stoned in the streets. All imported goods are sprinkled with holy water in the custom-houses, before they are sold, so as to sanctify them, and no books are admitted

to the country till they have been examined by the priests, for fear heretical doctrines will be introduced.

The church has a proportion of all the receipts from the bull-fights and cock-fights, and has a monopoly of all the lotteries. On Good Friday it is the custom of the more pious portion of the population to go to the convents and lash themselves with whips upon the bare skin.

The priests first preach a sermon on repentance, and then the lights are turned out. Ladies and gentlemen both strip to the waist, and whip themselves and each other for a while, crying and shrieking in the most frightful manner. When they have atoned for their sins in this way they resume their clothes, and depart in silence.

The dead are buried in the middle of the night, and the procession of chanting monks, and people carrying candles and torches is a weird and striking spectacle. It is the custom among those who can afford such an outlay, to have a sort of funeral reception a few days after the burial. Invitations are issued as if to a wedding or a ball, and the guests gather, eat and drink, discuss the virtues of the dead, the amount of money he has left, the probability of the widow marrying again, and other interesting topics, and have a good time generally.

Meanwhile the family of the deceased sit in another room by themselves, arranged in the order of their relationship to the dead, and receive the condolences of the guests. At the conclusion of the entertainment all the pictures in the house are turned to the wall, the piano is closed, the guitar is tied up in black cloth, and the house is shut up for a month or so.

All the mourning is supposed to be done in that time. When it is over the family are as gay as ever, and the widow can marry as soon as she gets a chance.—*William Elroy Curtis in Youth's Companion.*

DIRECTED.

A TRUE STORY.

"I hope you will be contented here, ma'am. I think it's dreadful to be home-sick," said Mrs. Smead, a strong and active middle-aged woman, who was helping the wife of the new machine-shop overseer to settle her house the day after her removal to Springford.

"We shall be contented, for we feel that the Lord directed us here,' replied the cheerful-faced woman, as she placed the last book in the case and turned to arrange the mantel ornaments.

"Why do you feel in that way?" queried Mrs. Smead. "When I hear people make such sort of speeches I always wish it were possible for me to understand what they mean by them. I have moved a great many times, but the Lord never had anything to do about directing me where to move so far as I know, and I have been from bad to worse every move I have made, it seems to me."

"Perhaps that would not have been the case had you laid your needs before the Lord in faith, but I will try to tell you what I meant by saying what I did. Although my husband had a good position in the place where we were, we felt it to be an unfit community among whom to bring up children, and consequently were anxious to make a change. We thought seriously of coming to this place, but unforeseen difficulties arose in the way of our making arrangements with the retiring overseer, and one morning, just a week to-day, my husband ran in looking discouraged and anxious saying:

"The early mail is in, there are no letters from the agent at Springford, and probably negotiations are closed between us, and as at this time there is no very great demand for my particular kind of skilled labor I fear we shall have to make up our minds to spend the summer, and perhaps another year, where we are?"

"He went out leaving me heartsick. I looked out upon the busy street of the bustling town where liquor saloons met the eye at every turn, and the soft spring air seemed to be heavy with profanity. Glancing across the street to the hotel I noticed a scuffle going on between two intoxicated men, and even while I was saying to myself, 'I hope the children are in the back yard and out of sight of the disgusting spectacle,' I saw my ten-year-old twin boys mount the fence in front of the house, laughing at what was to them an every-day occurrence. Kneeling right there by the window with my baby in my arms I prayed: 'O Lord, help us to make a home for the children thou hast given us, outside of this wickedness, and if it be thy will that we go to that quiet lovely village of Springford, make it known to us before noon to-day.'"

"I would rather that my boys should be dead than that they should grow up to be like that," said their father, coming in again then. It was but an echo of the thought within my heart, and I said what I was often saying those days:

"What is money when compared with principles of right instilled into our children's hearts in their youth? Every such sight as that hardens their sensibilities. I have faith that the Lord will show us the way out of this cloud."

"Two hours later my husband reappeared with a telegram. 'The Springford people have accepted my terms,' he said. 'We will pick up and go there immediately.' As I said, that was a week ago to-day, and here we are. I shall not be homesick, for I feel the assurance in my heart that the Lord directed us here."

"Perhaps the telegram would have come all the same if you had not prayed," said Mrs. Smead, proceeding to polish another article of furniture, but she was interrupted by the agent's wife, who had come in unobserved and heard the neighbor's recital.

"We have no business to entertain any such 'perhaps' suggestions in our hearts," she now said coming forward. "I will tell you why I say so. My husband and I were very anxious to have a new overseer who was a Christian in the machine shop, on account of his influence over the men and boys who were employed there. Your husband had been highly recommended, but the owner of the works would not decide upon any thing, and we were almost in despair of a change being made. That morning, a week ago to-day, when the arrangements we felt to be in every way so desirable were, much to our sorrow, about given up, my husband and I made the matter a subject of prayer at our usual morning devotions, laying the matter before the Lord and leaving it with him. In a little while the owner drove up saying he had decided to accept the new applicant's proposals, and suggesting that my husband telegraph him to come to New York, where he would meet him the next day and have the bargain concluded. He started off for the train in a great hurry, but presently, to our surprise, he returned with an explanation, 'On my way to the station I changed my mind, concluded to telegraph particulars, and have done so.' Now is not that clear evidence that the anxious mother's prayers that she might know before noon how to plan for her children's future might be answered?"

"It does seem like it, to be sure," said Mrs. Smead, thoughtfully, "but if the Lord is ready and willing to help us, in such little every-day affairs, why do we not make it a matter of course to trust him to guide us day by day?"

"It is the prayer of faith that is answered," said the agent's wife, and noting the look of incredulity on the poor workwoman's face the new neighbor added

"And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."—*Advance.*

A SUDRA FARMER.

The story which follows is taken from the *Journal* of the London Missionary Society. The incident is very interesting in itself, and it affords a glimpse of the work going on all over India. The writer is the Rev. Maurice Phillips.

"One very interesting incident came under my notice Some years ago a Sudra farmer in one of the out-of-the-way villages was baptized under the name of Israel He had a wife and a large family, but they positively declined to follow him to Christianity. At first they gave him a great deal of trouble, refusing to associate with him for fear of defilement, and his wife even declined to give him food. He gradually overcame these difficulties, but his family seemed as far as ever from Christianity. When I visited the family in 1884 just before going home, I asked his wife and each of his sons whether they intended to become Christians, and the answer was 'No.' I prayed with them, and urged them to follow their father, who was following Christ; but I had no reason to believe that any impression had been produced.

"When camping last month within seven miles of Israel's village, a young man came to the tent and said he was Israel's eldest son.

"'Well, come and sit down. I am very glad to see you. I have not seen you for a long time,' I said.

"He sat down, and told me that last year his father died. I told him I was very sorry, but added, 'Your father was a good man, and he is now in heaven with the Lord Jesus.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I believe that. When my father was very ill, and could not read the Bible, he asked me to read to him.'

"'And did you?'

"'Yes, I read to him every day, and he seemed always better after I read to him.'

"'What did you read?'

"'I read the Psalms and the Gospels. My father was very fond of the Psalms and the Gospels.'

"'When he died did you burn the body like a heathen?'

"'No. We had a grave dug for him in the field, and we buried him as a Christian.'

"'I suppose there was no Christian present to read the Scriptures and to pray?'

"'No; but I read the twenty-third Psalm after the body was lowered to the grave.'

"'I am very glad to hear that. How did you have the courage to do it?'

"'Well, I felt that it was right, and that it was in accordance with the wish of the departed, and so God gave me courage. And not only that, but I am determined to become a Christian, too, and die like my father.'

"'What about your wife?'

"'She is quite willing to be baptized.'

"'Do you want to be baptized now?'

"No; I will wait till you come again, for I want my brothers and their families to be baptized at the same time, and they are not prepared yet.'

"Oh! how thankful I was to our Heavenly Father for this incident. How wonderful God is in carrying on his work! An incident like this is enough compensation for all the labor bestowed in the Tripatore district since the commencement of the mission. May the Lord's work so prosper everywhere!"—*The Christian.*

THE SCARLET TANAGER NEAR MY WINDOW

BY ELLEN HALL.

A dear little bird sings
After the rain,
"Look up, lonely heart!
Be happy again.

"Gray are the clouds,
No promise of blue:
Yet sunshine is coming
To me and to you!

"I'm sitting out here
On this bare, leafless tree,
Hungry and weary,
No crumbs can I see.

"But God's up in Heaven.
He hears and he sees,
What matters then, ever,
Small troubles like these.

"And you're sitting there,
With the tears in your eyes,
How heavy your heart is!
How dark are your skies!

"But God's up in Heaven,
He hears every prayer,
Mine from the tree-top,
And your's breathing there.

"Why do you cry so,
Oh, sad heart, to-day?
Surely for you, too.
There cometh some way—

"Some way out of loneliness,
Sorrow and pain,
Surely as sunshine
Follows the rain!

"'God's up in Heaven'
Is always my song,
Though pleasures are few, dear,
And troubles last long.

"So, sing it, and feel it,
And then hope again!
God's near you and loves you,
Through clouds and through rain."

—*Selected.*

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